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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN

AND

OUR MISSION FIELD.

A UNION ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

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OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN
AND
OUR MISSION FIELD.

VOL. I. AUGUST, 1886. No. 8

THE SUBJECT of the month is particularly congenial to many of us, while our thoughts are following friend and acquaintance who have crossed the Atlantic this season. As the midsummer message follows its readers to their leafy hiding places, will not every heart find something in it to waken gratitude or move to prayer?

MR. MARLING, at his interior station of the Gaboon Mission, had, this season, the privilege of baptizing eleven persons of the Fangwe tribe, whom he had individually instructed and trained, beside all the general teaching they had received. One of these baptized persons was a woman. A large class were also in course of special training, with the hope that many will give evidence that they are born again.

THE HOPEFUL enterprise at Kwai Peng has received a rude interruption. Mrs. Fulton's letter will be read with mingled prayers for the continuance of the station and thanksgiving for the spared lives of our missionaries, and for the courage, presence of mind and trust in God they were able to exercise in that hour of peril.

THE WORK of our Woman's Societies, beginning among us in America, breaks, like waves, on farther shores. But it does not spend itself there. It only creates ripples farther on, up the bays and gulfs and inland streams, and nowhere is womanhood left untouched. Look at three of these ripples: At the Gaboon, a woman's missionary society has been in the habit of meeting every month in Mrs. Campbell's parlor. The collection at one meeting, which happened to get told of, was $2.30.

A similar society under Mrs. Dunlap's care, in Petchaburi, aims to help "proclaim the Gospel to all the women of Siam and throughout the world." Their constitution was signed by eighteen Siamese women.

At Lodiana, just such a ripple again. No fee is exacted — the people are so poor — but each member of the society pledges herself to do what she can to bring souls to Christ. Twenty-five names are enrolled.

COLONEL DAVID B. SICKELS, formerly representative of the United States in Siam, has lately received from Bangkok a personal letter, which says: "His Majesty is so well pleased with the results of the system of public education for males which was established a few years ago at your suggestion, that he has decided to establish a school in this city for the instruction of the Native women, and it is probable that a prominent missionary lady will be placed at the head of the institution."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

TAHITI is to be left off the list of mission fields, because it has become Christianized.

THE "*Peep of Day*" has been translated into the Congo tongue.

A NATIVE of Madagascar, after studying medicine in Edinburgh has returned home, and, beside teaching seventy young men, is training a class of women for nurses.

THERE HAS been a great moral triumph in Basutoland, South Africa. Intoxication was becoming common, and an important chief had died from its effects, when the nation rose up and took revenge on their enemy. They banished strong drink from their country and stationed sentinels on the frontier to prevent smuggling. One of the missionaries (French) says there has not been a case of drunkenness among them for six months. Although warnings from the missionaries had not been wanting, the people seemed moved to this action more from their own sense of danger than by any outside influence. God give us in America to see as far as the half-heathen Basutos saw!

MRS. B. B. ATTERBURY writes from Paris: "We feel encouraged about the Reading Room and English classes at No. 8 Rue Jean Jacques Rousseau, for Paris shop girls. A religious meeting is held every Sunday afternoon."

A NEW missionary society has just been formed in Berlin, which is to confine itself to the field of the German East Africa Company. Its operations will include schools and hospitals as well as the preaching of the Word.

THE Young Men's Christian Association of Berlin holds special meetings at midnight for waiters, the only available hour for them. Sometimes two hundred are present.

A GERMAN paper states that three hundred and sixty-three Jews in Vienna became Christians last year.

WITH A VERY few exceptions the newspapers of Germany are owned and edited by Jews.

THE FIRST Young Men's Christian Association in Bohemia was organized a few months ago. The authorities did not sign the documents legalizing the institution until appealed to for the third time. The parent association is to be in Prague, with liberty to establish branches anywhere in Bohemia where there are ten members.

THERE IS A Wesleyan Military Church at Rome composed entirely of soldiers, all sons of Roman Catholic parents.

DR. SCHAFF says the Easter week ceremonies in Seville were advertised to include "five magnificent bull fights," beginning with Easter Sunday.

THERE ARE over forty thousand families in Glasgow, Scotland, living in one room. Private devotion, even if desired, would seem to be effectually debarred. A young man was asked, "Where do you say your prayers?" The reply was, "I go out and lean against a lamp-post."

PROFESSOR LINDSAY, addressing a Glasgow audience said: "The church ought to provide places for private prayer and reading of the Word. In Cowcaddens Free Church, which is open every night in the week half an hour before the meeting and half an hour or an hour after, one could see every night, here and there in the gallery in the area, men and women who had stolen in for a quiet quarter of an hour of prayer and reading the Word."

THIRTY-FIVE years ago it was the crime of high treason in Italy to possess a Bible. Now, Bible depots are established in every Italian city.

THE GOVERNMENT of Russia expends only three per cent. of its revenue on education, and ninety-one per cent. of the people cannot read or write.

THE WORK of the McAll Mission in France is spreading in all directions. Fashionable pleasure-seekers from the cafés, the clubs and the theatres often crowd a large room on one of the chief boulevards of Paris, and listen with absorbing attention.

Mr. McAll has thirty-three missions in Paris under his charge, and seventy-seven in other cities.

A LAW has been passed by the Italian Chambers making obligatory the weekly Sabbath rest to children working in factories.

WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Fortunately, the great work of Missions does not depend on human foresight; it is under divine guidance, and cannot fail. Over and above all our planning and organizing and contributing, it has the support of One to whom all power in Heaven and earth is given, and who will be potentially present, always, even unto the end of the world. Were there only discouragements in the outlook, were no successes yet realized, we should have no cause to despair or to lay aside our diligence; still, though a work of faith, yet it warrants and even demands a quick apprehension of the signs of the times and a constant waiting and watching, even as those that watch for the morning.

In the past, many a dark cloud has rolled over the mission fields, leading almost to despair. A whole mission has been driven out of its field, as in Tahiti, or Madagascar; or a great hostile uprising, as by the Sepoys in India, has seemed to blot out all missions and even civilization. Yet afterwards, these apparent calamities have been overruled for good.

Sometimes, on the other hand, the expectations of the church have been unduly raised by a too sanguine interpretation of current events, as when the Taeping rebellion in China seemed to promise the sudden transformation of a heathen to a Christian empire. Many were led, perhaps, to put their trust in princes; to look for the sceptre of another Constantine, instead of the renewing power of the Holy Ghost upon individual hearts. The whole enterprise of missions has grown wiser by its experience, and even by its disappointments. Some things have been well and thoroughly learned, and first, that the work is no longer an experiment. The Gospel has proved its adaptation to all countries and climates; to all races and colors and conditions of men. The Christian Church, with its ordinances and its beneficences, its purer ethics and higher grades of life; its Sabbaths and literature, and schools and hospitals, has been successfully planted in the midst of all types of institutions and customs of the Old World, whether Buddhist, Braminical, or Moslem. The adequacy of mission agencies has been demonstrated, since they have been essentially the same from the first appearance of Roman missionaries among our own savage ancestors in Briton, down to the recent and more rapid evangelistic achievements in Japan. We are ourselves, living examples of what the Gospel has done and may yet do for whole nations and races of mankind. In the second place, the mission work has proved the efficacy of method and organization. In this respect there has been a great gain over the early and the Mediæval missionary efforts. There is always room for sporadic and special work of devoted individuals, and it is an encouraging fact that God in His providence so multiplies the ways in which not only the Spirit and the Bride may say come, but he that heareth may not only come, but may himself become a herald. Outside of organized methods, there are a thousand lines and channels of communication, through which the truth is transmitted. The contact of commerce and foreign residency, though so often a curse to heathen races, and a disgrace to the Christian name, are also in multitudes of cases the media of blessings for this life and the life to come. Nevertheless, the chief reliance in this great work, is in organization and in steady and systematic work from year to year, and generation to generation. All the great branches of the Christian Church are becoming aggressive agencies for distant conquest. More than a hundred of these societies are represented at the front. Their contributions are maintained from year to year with a steadiness and a gradual law of increase which are quite remarkable. As men and women fall at their posts, or are compelled

to retire, others rise up to take their places, never less but rather more, and emergencies that rise, whether at home or on the field, are met and the work moves ever on.

The methods of these organizations are similar, and the result of a common experience gained in many and widely different fields. Whatever may be the criticisms of the ignorant and the disaffected, missionary enterprise has become a science. All its chief elements have been carefully considered through a century of experiment. At the same time new factors are constantly being introduced, while some already in existence are being brought into greater comparative prominence. For example, woman's work, both on its home side and in the mission fields, has won for itself an acknowledged importance in all Protestant denominations. Whatever new light may be thrown on its particular relations, such is its manifest importance that its promotion and development cannot hereafter be called in question.

In like manner, medical work has within the last few years been brought into greater prominence than ever before; not because the claims of humanitarian charity are taking the place of a more spiritual conception of our errand to the heathen, but because it is becoming more and more apparent that the healing of bodily ailments is a means of access to the soul. The Church in this respect is not receding from the Gospel method, but is coming back more nearly to the lines of our Saviour's own example. The victory over prejudice which has secured for woman her true place in the medical profession at home, has also opened to her this noble avenue of practical sympathy and compassion in lands where social restriction has rendered her a two-fold sufferer from all the ills that flesh is heir to.

Another point in which great advance has been made, is in the development of self-help among native converts, and in the general strengthening of a more robust spirit. The newly formed churches are coming to realize their vocation as aggressive forces for the evangelization of their respective countrymen. The churches are being imbued with a national spirit, and in some cases are forming unions for the purpose of more efficient conquest. But certain questions are now arising which should be maturely considered by the Church, for they are sure to be raised by the skeptic and the caviller. First: Is the toleration now accorded by the heathen governments likely to continue? Is not the connivance of old and rival systems due to their contempt for what they would consider the harmless insignificance of the evangelical successes? Would not more imposing conquests arouse opposition, as when the Israelites became strong in Egypt, or when the early Christians by their increased influence aroused the hatred of the Roman emperors? Something of this appears just now in the Turkish Empire, and there is no doubt that a great ingathering of converts from Islam would arouse one of the most bitter conflicts that the world has ever known. But there are other lands, like Japan, in which a general adoption of Christianity might be even welcomed, and it is a consideration of importance, that a general leavening influence attends the Gospel, by which, so to speak, it prepares its own way. Providential changes, which have secured an open door by breaking down false systems in Japan, may appear also in other lands. In India, the time seems not far distant. Last of all, the Turkish Empire may fall; the delusions of Islam may crumble. Second: Have not missionary resources very nearly reached their limit? and if so, how can the Church hope to accomplish complete conquest, which must embrace whole nations? That we have even approached the limit of our ability in the contribution of men and means for the conversion of the world, will not be maintained by any in this prosperous land. Whether the willingness of the Church shall continue to advance, is open to question, but of its power and resources there can be no doubt. If the Christian nations of Mediæval Europe could raise and equip vast armies for the conquest of the Holy Land, what might not be accomplished were a like spirit of moral earnestness to possess

the churches in this age of wealth and power? It is to be borne in mind, moreover, that largely, and even mainly, the heathen nations are to be won by agencies raised up among themselves, and above all, there are unforeseen forces wrapped in the undeveloped plans of God, which He will use in His own best time and way. Third: Is the self-reliance of missionary churches of a kind to endure tempation and even persecution? Were the missionary forces to be withdrawn, would the institutions of religion hold their ground? The answer which experience supplies is in the affirmative. True, Christianity was driven from North Africa and Northern China in the days of the early Church, and from Japan two centuries ago, but it was not by persecution, so much as by extermination. In Tahiti and Madagascar the Church survived and even advanced after all the missionaries were withdrawn, while in India, Syria, China and South Africa the constancy of the churches under persecution has been fully tested. The native Christians of to-day are, on the average, more firmly established than those who in many instances remained firm to the last when cast wholly upon themselves.

Whoever will carefully trace the history of missions during the century now nearing its close, will find proofs not of the breaking dawn but of advancing day.

GENERAL NOTES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MONTH.

THERE are four Protestant ministers on the Island of Malta, who hold services with the foreign residents, with seamen of the Mediterranean squadron, and with soldiers of the great garrison; but one of them, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, says, no Maltese attend these services. "There is not," he says, "another spot on the face of the earth where the Church of Rome has such a hold on a community. A Maltese marchioness, with whom I was acquainted, went in the time of Pio Nono to Rome to pay her respects to the Pope. Pio Nono received her most graciously, and told her that she ought to thank God every day of her life that she was born in Malta, for it was the holiest part of Christendom, and there was no other place where the inhabitants were all Christians."

SOCIETIES operating in every Roman Catholic country in Europe, as well as out of Europe, report frequent cases, known to them, of men losing their business and families exiled from their homes because they have embraced the Evangelical faith. An instance was mentioned recently in the London *Wesleyan Notices*.

"At Bassano, Italy, a sad blow has befallen us, singularly illustrative at once of the unchanged spirit and the new tactics of the Roman Catholic Church. Our services have been hitherto held in a room over a grocer's shop, provided free of all expense by the proprietor — the whole family being zealous converts. As a consequence, through the influence of the priests, customer after customer has been withdrawn, until now at length our kind friends have been obliged to close their shop and are on the brink of ruin. The meetings have been of necessity suspended."

Sometimes these cases of persecution only give freer course to the Gospel, as in Russia, where two women were lately driven from their village for boldly confessing their Saviour, and, persisting in the same thing wherever banished, they had at length defended His Name in twenty villages.

THE union of the Waldensian and Free Church of Italy is waiting for the adjustment of details, particularly the choice of a name for the united body. The Waldensians cling to the old name of their past, and as the Chiesa Valdese is the only Protestant Church in Italy permitted to hold property in its own name, they are afraid for this reason to risk a change; at the same time, it is objected that this is too provincial a title for a church of all Italy.

EVANGELICAL religion is said to be reviving in Germany. In Prussia alone 2,500 young men are studying theology in the universities, and those professors who are evangelical in their tone are becoming the most influential and popular lecturers. On the other hand, in Bavaria, the number of converts and monasteries increases, and not only Romanist, but Lutheran Church officials, oppose any religion outside their creeds.

Of the European evangelical churches, the Vaudois, in Piedmont, is the most ancient. It has held aloft its banner of the glorious motto, "*Lux lucet in tenebris*," with its insignia of the candlestick with its light always burning amidst the surrounding stars, through the storms of ages, never faltering, never despairing, "persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." The bush burning but not consumed, is a fit emblem of these old evangelical churches of Europe, encroached upon by the Papacy from every side, yet upheld by their Divine Head.

In the northwestern part of Italy lies Piedmont, separated from Germany on the north and from France on the west, by the great Alpine barrier, and here, amid the fastnesses of the High Alps the Waldensian Church has maintained inviolate for many centuries the truth of God as opposed to the errors of Rome. The name by which they call themselves, *Vaudois*, is derived from the French *val* in its plural form of *vaux*, and signifies "the people of the valleys," Waldenses being a corruption of the Italian form of the same word. It has been a common error to attribute the origin of this Church to Peter Waldo, of Lyons, but the Vaudois Church repudiates it. They claim they never have been either "Protestant or Reformed," and that their Church has been evangelical from the beginning. History has no authentic account of the conversion of the Vaudois to Christianity. The destruction of their own records during persecutions renders it forever impossible to arrive at certainty regarding it. Romish historians as far back as 1250, A. D., speak of them as "the oldest sect of heretics." Their own uniform account of the matter has been that their religion has descended from father to son by uninterrupted succession from the time of the apostles.

The Vaudois were always filled with the spirit of missions. Their missionaries went two by two, in apostolic fashion, to visit their brethren dispersed in various lands. The few men whom God raised up to keep His truth from dying out of the world during the centuries preceding the Reformation, such as Peter Waldo, Henry of Lausanne and Lollard, seem all to have had some connection with the Vaudois.

Early in the fourteenth century the Church of Rome awoke to the fact that there were forms of heresy in the Alpine valleys dissenting from the teachings of the Church, regarding its worship of images as idolatry, and which, declining to recognize the authority of the Pope, declared that Christ alone was the Head of the Church. To reduce these heretics to the despotic unity of the Church of Rome, a new and terrible agency was directed against them — the Inquisition. Previous to this, the Archbishop of Turin had made a vain attempt to convert or destroy the Vaudois. For the succeeding four hundred years a series of persecutions occurred, unexampled in the history of the world alike by the cruelty, the injustice, the perfidy and barbarity of the Romish Church, with the governments which aided her in her designs; and the heroism, the fidelity, and the noble deeds of daring of the persecuted Vaudois.

No such deeds of horror stain the pages of history as the record of this period. Hunted and exiled from their homes, only to be driven out again from the places where they took refuge; slaughtered by thousands, like beasts in the shambles; meeting death in forms of cruelty the horror of which sickens the imagination, — these saints of God sang His praises and renewed their vows of fidelity to His truth with their dying lips. It is impossible to read with calmness, even at this distant day, the records of this persecuted, murdered, scattered people of God.

But the gloom is brightened by the presence of some figures so heroic, some deeds so noble, that one feels as if suddenly looking from a valley of shadows up to Mont Blanc crowned with sunrise glories. Such a figure was Henri Arnaud, leading the eight hundred out from their land of exile on that wonderful march through flood and fell,

over frightful precipices and swollen streams, through thousands of their foes, over whom God made them victorious, back to their Fatherland.

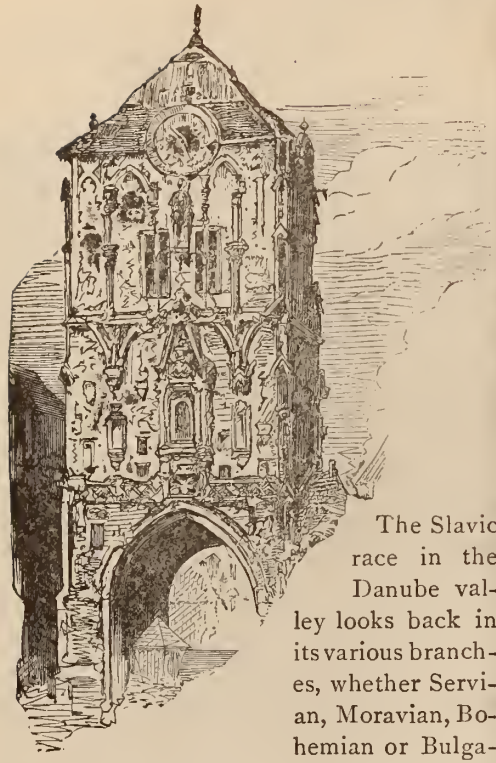
The Waldensian Church has survived the wrath of its enemies, and is to-day doing a noble work for Christ in the conversion of Italy. Its sixty congregations with their pastors, are the candle of the Lord, the "*Lux lucet in tenebris*," for their regeneration. At the present time the population of the Vaudois valleys is about 25,000. They are doing a large evangelistic work at the stations which they have established in various parts of Italy, for now, as of old, the Waldensian is a missionary Church. God has opened the door for them into all the cities of Italy, even into Rome. In this work there are at present employed thirty-six ordained ministers, with nearly one hundred teachers and colporteurs, ministering to over eighty mission stations, churches and schools. Largely through this instrumentality, Italy is learning to know Christ. The Vaudois are giving life for death. The cruel sufferings and bloody deaths of bygone ages are repaid to their persecutors with "life and immortality brought to light through the Gospel" of Christ.

A WALDENSIAN VALLEY.

There is little wealth among them anywhere. Until recently the salaries of none of their ministers exceeded £60 a year, which, with a small glebe, constituted their sole support. And they have never asked help for themselves; their errands to this country and England were always simply to secure assistance for their work in Italy. But at the Presbyterian Council held in Edinburgh in 1877, the story of the poverty of the Vaudois Church was so effectively told that deep feeling was awakened, culminating in practical results. The sum of £13,500 was obtained, £4,000 of it from the Vaudois valleys, the interest of which is used to augment the pastors' stipends, so that they now average about £90.

It was once said, that at the entrance to the Vaudois valleys might be written the monumental inscription, "Here lies the Waldensian Church." Ages of cruel oppression had so reduced its numbers that there seemed no root left to grow. To-day, it is quick with life.

Maria C. Grier.



A TOWER IN PRAGUE.

The Slavic race in the Danube valley looks back in its various branches, whether Servian, Moravian, Bohemian or Bulgarian, to the same source for their earliest Christian illumination. The apostles to them, of both learning and religion, when, in the dimness of the ninth century these peoples were yet in a half-savage heathenism, were the two brothers, CYRIL and METHODIUS. They were, perhaps, Slavs themselves; at all events, they spoke the Slavonic language, and went from the court of Constantinople with the alphabet they had invented in one hand, and the Bible they had translated in the other, on their missionary errand among the Slavs.

And they went not unsought, for it is pleasant to read how the Chozars in the Crimea and the Duke of Moravia sent to the Byzantine Emperor, asking for missionaries. The Bulgarian school-girls of to-day repeat the national legend of their king, Bogoris, and that dreadful picture of the Last Judgment, which Methodius painted and which was such an awesome lesson to the king that, moved by it, as well as by the pestilence which had wasted his nation, he begged to be baptized and compelled his people to follow his example. This was in 861; but it was full ten years after, that the Duke of Bohemia became enlightened and invited Methodius to his capital, where the same effects followed his preaching as in other countries. Three of the churches of Prague, it is claimed, were founded by this converted duke, Borzivoi.

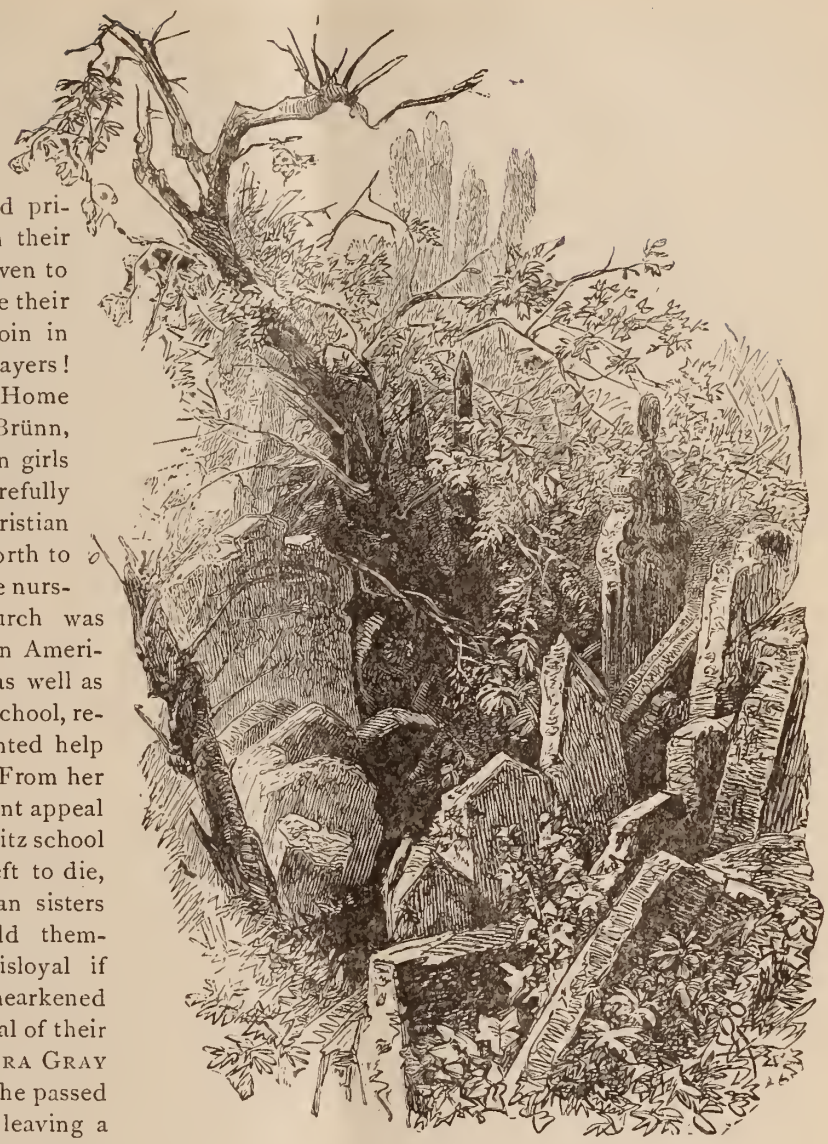
In these later, progressive years, the names of the brothers of the ninth century have been lifted into new honor and reputation. The traveler to Prague, will find quaint monuments of them in the old Teynkirche, a few feet from the tomb of Tycho Brahe, and he may hear allusions to them in any Slavic school examination on the Danube. They were canonized in 1881. A thousandth anniversary of the death of Methodius was celebrated in Bulgaria last year; the ceremonies continued for two days at Sofia, and the people aimed to plant trees and establish Cyril-and-Methodius circulating libraries in every school district throughout Bulgaria.

Cyril and Methodius used and defended the vulgar tongue in the churches; but they themselves, for political reasons, were allied with the Roman Catholic Church and accepted her gifts and honors, and the tenth century was not ended before the Slavonic liturgy was dropped and the Latin language had usurped its place. Now, no more were the sheep fed in the churches, and that long night of ignorance begun, which called aloud for light and a reformation.

One of the sweet fruits of a pure Gospel in Austria to-day is a girls' boarding-school, about fifty miles north of Prague, at Krabschitz. It was founded and conducted, until his death last year, by PASTOR SCHUBERT, of the Reformed Bohemian Church, a modern Methodius to his people. Other Gospel fruits are an orphanage in Southern Austria, wholly supported by a devotedly Christian countess; and the Free Churches of Prague, Stupitz and Tabor, with a mem-

bership of 316. And this in Austria, where in 1879 it was not permitted evangelical missionaries to hold private meetings in their own houses, or even to admit one outside their own family to join in their evening prayers!

There is also a Home in the City of Brünn, where nine or ten girls at a time are carefully trained to Christian work, and sent forth to do it. This little nursery of the Church was established by an American lady, and, as well as the Krabschitz school, received her unstinted help and sympathy. From her death-bed she sent appeal that the Krabschitz school should not be left to die, and her Christian sisters would have held themselves basely disloyal if they had not hearkened to that last appeal of their missionary, CLARA GRAY SCHAUFFLER. She passed into the skies, leaving a name behind like ointment poured forth; and Pastor Schubert laid down his staff, and saying, "I believe, I believe in Thee, O Lord," went to be forever in His Presence. But Krabschitz has not been forgotten. It is fostered by Christian hearts (American Board), and promises to be for years to come, what Mrs. Schauffler called it, the "Mount Holyoke" of Bohemia.



JEWS' OLD BURYING GROUND IN PRAGUE.

Through that school, and through such single-hearted missionaries, not a few out of the land of Huss have in these later days been "called to be saints." "When I came to meeting the first time and heard a woman pray," said a Bohemian woman to Mrs. Schauffler, "I said to myself, may God preserve *me* from ever trying to do such a thing as that, for I have nothing to say. I never had an idea that people could pray for what they wanted, right out of their hearts. But I went to my work, and all through the week I thought how can I pray? and finally, the idea came into my head, I'll ask for a new heart; and as soon as I thought that, and asked for that, the rest all came."

"Ninety and eight years have I lived in this world," said an old man near Prague to the Wesleyan evangelist a year ago — "Ninety and eight years have I lived in this world, and *never heard until to-day* that Jesus Christ is so good that He loves a poor old miserable sinner such as I am." "And from that day," writes his instructor, "his life has been changed and he is full of joy."

The following extract from a Bishop's pastoral letter, in Northern Italy, is interesting as showing the motives likely to influence the masses to cling to the Papacy:

"Nor, O beloved, does the impious work of these disturbers stop here. It aims at substituting their own absurd and infamous system for the holy and glorious doctrine of Jesus Christ; it aims at uprooting from our beautiful land the Catholic faith, and planting there instead the lurid religion of the Protestants. And so away with the confessional, away with the saints, away with the Madonna, away with relics, away with crucifix, away with the Host, away with Jesus in the Sacrament; no more mass, no more communion, no more suffrages for our poor departed, no more benedictions, no more festivals, no more ceremonies, no confirmation, no viaticum, no holy unction, no indulgences, not even in the article of death! A little water in a tank to baptize with, God knows how; a barrel-top from which to preach an excommunicated doctrine; a Bible to interpret at their own caprice, — nothing more is required! How would you like, beloved, to live and die without sacraments, like the Jews? To be without consolation in your last agony? To be buried without a prayer, like the beasts? Ah, you shudder with horror! Yet it is this that these Evangelists are aiming at."

"NO HOPE."

One morning in the cold season, with a heart sore from recent bereavement, I wandered into a little village near our camp to try and do some work for the Master. Through the open gateway of a small enclosure, seeing a woman sitting on the ground clasping her knees before a smouldering fire of dead leaves, I entered and said, "Salaam!" She neither arose nor noticed me, but pulling her *chaddar* more closely about her, continued to stare into the fire with a sullen, intense gaze. Accustomed to the polite and cheerful salutation of the village women, in astonishment I asked a man, standing near: "What is the matter with this woman?" He sorrowfully replied: "O Mem Sahib! yesterday the funeral pile of our only child, a boy, was lighted, and since then she has neither spoken nor eaten, but has refused to be comforted."

I looked at the poor creature. Her coarse, scant garments were indescribably filthy, her dishevelled hair was in the wildest disorder; but as she sat there, with that stony, pitiful expression in her poor eyes, I felt she was my sister "in the fellowship of suffering," and my whole heart went out to her as I said: "Just a fortnight ago *our* only child was laid in the grave." Instantly her eyes sought mine, as she anxiously inquired: "And you mourned?" "Yes, but with the hope of meeting her again." A variety of emotions, perplexity predominating, passed over her countenance, and she silently awaited an explanation of this, to her, wonderful statement. I tried in a brief way to give her an idea of our Christian belief and its blessed assurances concerning the future of children. It must have been a marvelous revelation to her, whose paganism taught that the spirit of her child was, even now, in some living creature, perhaps a loathsome reptile or vile insect, and that it must pass through countless transmigrations, until at last, losing all personality, it would be absorbed in the Deity.

Before I left she seemed somewhat comforted, though she sadly exclaimed: "I never, *never* expected to see my boy again! I thought he was gone forever." I have frequently thought of this incident, and nearly always in connection with the verse, "I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others, which have *no hope*." I never fathomed the meaning of "no hope" until I beheld the dumb agony of that Hindu mother! No wonder the kind heart of the apostle hastened to enlighten the once heathen Thessalonians

concerning "them that are asleep," that the dark cloud of sorrow might be bright with hope on the heavenward side. If death is known amongst us as the King of Terrors, what dread title will convey what he is to heathen India?

Here the ghastliness of death, under the ministry of loving hands, gives place almost to the semblance of natural sleep. Beautiful flowers adorn the satin-lined casket, and reverently the dear form is conveyed to its last resting-place. The mourning heart is not only sustained by loving Christian sympathy, but, what is infinitely better, may confidently claim the consolations of Him who has said: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." As our sainted missionary, Mrs. McHenry, wrote me after the death of her little daughter: "Oh, how He *can* comfort! The Lord revealed to me by His spirit, the day Aimée died, that she had not gone far away from me, but just withdrawn from sight. Afterwards I found it written in the Word, in Heb. xii. 22-24. Read it. We *are* come, not *shall* come. I have not lost a sense of my glorious companionship since."

How different in India! The body, often in a horrible condition from lack of attention during an entire illness, is placed on the bare ground, until the low-caste men arrive with a small cot to carry it to the burning-place. With but a sheet thrown over it, they put the bed on their shoulders, and move off as carelessly, and are as unconcerned about jolting, as if they were carrying a dead dog. The family and community generally, if not always, regard the bereavement as a mark of their god's displeasure, and incited by fear of still greater calamity, use every endeavor to propitiate it. Who can picture the sorrows of bereavement under such circumstances! And the dear one is gone forever. "No hope!" "*No hope!*"—*Mrs. Emma M. Scott, in Heathen Woman's Friend.*

THE WHITE PANSY.

With silent lips, but frantic heart,
  She wandered idly to and fro.
Words spoken, comfort to impart,
  Seemed dust and ashes to her woe.
Earth's brightness served to mock her grief,
Heaven's promises brought no relief,
  Life looked a cheat, a cruel show.
    Her only thought:
    "The child is not:
  And I, ah! whither shall I go?"
  Then spake the pansy, growing low:

"If thou indeed art all forgot,
  And God hath ceased to sympathize,
How came I blooming in this spot,
  White, like the blessed in the skies?
  Would He, who gave His only Son
  When thou and thine were all undone,
That thou and thine to Heaven might rise,
    Take thought for me,
    But not for thee—
So clothe me to rejoice the eyes,
Yet turn from thy despairing cries?

"Leave me not here. All day I've bloomed,
  Waited thy coming patiently.
Take me, so perfect, pure, perfumed.
  God's message in my blossom see.
Go where, her little angel flown,
That other stricken soul makes moan,
  Repeat what thou hast learned from me,
    Then kneel and bless
    The God of grace,
Who in thy sorrow comforts thee,
That thou a comforter mayst be."

—*Mrs. Charles H. Hitchcock, in The Independent.*

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

SYRIA.

VACATION AT SIDON.

[We welcome our first letter from Miss REBECCA M. BROWN, one of two sisters, who are among the reinforcements of this year, in Syria.]

SIDON SEMINARY, May 29, 1886.

Easter vacation in Sidon Seminary has come and gone, and I will try to let you share in some of the enjoyments and experiences of teachers and scholars.

Can you picture the day previous to their departure for home, when, sun-burnt, roughly-dressed muleteers sent by the parents of the girls, presented themselves at the seminary and after delivering letters or messages, were told at what hour to call for their charges. After prayer-meeting at the church, we gathered in the large, pleasant court to wish each other good-bye. How you would have enjoyed watching the eager, happy faces of these Syrian girls! Among them was a woman who instead of sending a muleteer, came herself a twelve hours ride, to see her daughter safely home, intending to walk back and have her daughter ride the donkey; but as soon as the girl saw her mother, she cried out, "Oh, why did you take such a journey for me? To-morrow, when we go home, you must ride and I will walk." This woman attracted our attention, as she was in oriental garments. Seeing we were interested in her dress, she threw aside an outer cotton wrap and let us examine the long, tight-fitting garment of red and yellow silk, which was slashed to the waist and worn over the usual full cotton drawers and skirt made of bright-colored calico. Across the forehead was a bandage such as all wear when travelling, as a protection from the sun. Most of the girls in the Seminary wear calico dresses that do not differ much from those worn in America. Although the girls had long and wearisome rides before them, they went to the dormitories with reluctant steps. Let us follow them. The rows of white beds look very restful, and the large, neat-looking bundles beside them foreshadow the early departure of the excited girls. Those small packages contain fresh native bread and hard-boiled eggs to be eaten on the way.

At four o'clock the next morning, footsteps were heard all over the house, and by breakfast time many girls had left. Not a sign of a carriage or express-wagon, and yet all had far to travel. Their expressmen, in the shape of muleteers, picked up their bundles, instead of trunks, as if they were feathers, and followed by the different owners turned the corner of the garden wall and were lost to sight. They walked to a khan a few blocks away, and there mounting their donkeys were soon out of the city. One girl telling about her journey, said she fell from her donkey both going and coming, and I daresay a number of them had a like experience.

The text, Josh. I., 9, was given as the vacation motto. When asking about vacation and opportunities for doing good at home, it was found that many had taught hymns and Scripture verses to their brothers and sisters and friends. Two little girls on the way home encouraged each other, when afraid of rolling from their animals, by repeating the text. A teacher related how, while on the road towards night, a woman called out to her, "Wait for me, I am afraid." The teacher answered, "I am not afraid, for I have something to keep fear away." The woman wishing to know what it was, was taught the beautiful vacation motto.

During the ten days of rest from study, how quiet the Seminary seemed with over forty gone! The seven left behind found plenty to do, and two of them having been in Syria but six months, had many laughable experiences. When work hours were over, we took pleasant walks, had a row on the Mediterranean, and were invited to the parsonage to visit with sweet little Ruth Margaret Eddy. As the last day of vacation came, after putting each room in order, how eagerly we looked for the coming of Miss Eddy, and I know she was as happy to be back in Sidon once more, as we were to have her.

Such a pleasant uproar the next day! How happy, but oh how sunburnt each looked. All are hard at work now, and will accomplish a great deal before the middle of July, when school closes.

AFRICA.

On the Ogove, Rowing and Singing.

Miss Harding, who lives at Kângwe, surrounded by cannibal villages, wrote in February:

"The last was a varied year. In its beginning I was occupied principally with town visitation; in the middle of the year I had a school, and at the end was the only missionary at this station, on account of the sickness and absence of the others. When I have a school I keep it in the morning and visit towns in the afternoon. When I have no school I have eight or nine boys or young men for a crew, because I use a clumsy, uncomfortable, native canoe; whereas, if I had a durable, home-built boat, I should need but four or five oarsmen, and the boat would outlast four or five canoes. All the villages are on the river and reached principally by boat. My first duty each morning is to ring the matin bell, then the second bell and hold morning prayers, after which we disperse to our different tasks. The boys are usually employed on the mission grounds in the morning, as I am more likely to find the villagers at home in the afternoon. Their work on the grounds consists in making paths, or mowing, or building arbors and fences, or mending roofs, or going on errands. My principal work in the morning is superintendence of them and buying food. The former is not altogether easy, as their methods are crude and they are not used to constant routine labor, and need watching. They are very fond of talking, and often rest on their tools or sit down listening to a long story of some escapade in town. Their conversation is tiresome, as they are fond of repeating the same thing. They are not lazy, but the climate, and their habits, and the clumsy methods of carrying on their occupations, give them weak bodies: they need to rest often. A crew alternately pulls and rests. Moreover, they have not trained consciences, and may think it so much clear gain if they can idle away their time and get their wages just the same, but ordinarily they pursue their occupations with great earnestness and determination.

Town Visitation.

"In the afternoon I visit the towns. My Galwa crew cannot row well without singing. They will probably float, if going down stream, until they recollect some boat song, when they pull, keeping time to the song, and pulling through several songs until they get out of breath, when they rest. But often we see a single rower, or a few rowers in a small canoe, skimming over the water with the swiftness of a bird, as silent as the shadows on the surface and hardly distinguishable from them. A large crew is merrier. Sometimes they are dressed in bright colored or white cloths. The long canoe with its many paddles looks like a huge centipede.

"There is nothing hidden in this country. The peculiar privacy of European and American houses is resented. A man who habitually keeps his house shut is suspected. So my approach to a town is heralded by half a dozen messengers, a house or porch is swept for my occupancy, benches and stools are collected and often a bright cloth is spread on the table. I generally undergo a close scrutiny. My hair looks short when my hat is on, so it does not receive particular attention, but if I chance to take off my hat, I am greeted with a chorus of exclamations. They always enjoy the musical part of the religious exercises, and generally listen politely to the teaching. Sometimes they leave, and return for the closing musical exercises. I take a concertina with me, which is a great curiosity, as is also my clock. They often assent to what I say, and sometimes dissent, which is less monotonous and more interesting to me.

"A Roman Catholic priest sometimes follows me about in order to prevent my meetings. He commands his pupils to inform him of my visit to a town, when he hurries to reach the place, If he passes a town and sees my canoe at the landing, he cannot resist the temptation to stop and have a dispute. He is an abusive, foul-mouthed drunkard, so I do not undertake to contend with him. He generally comes too late to interrupt my teaching. Sometimes the elders of the town make him keep still until I finish, but he usually tries to drown my voice.

School, Sewing and Sunday.

"These people win my respect most in school, for they show that they want to learn and will undergo privation to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. They will work all day and take their rest-hours at noon or night to study. If they become careless, I have only to remind them that I can teach them but not learn for them. They are fond of books and cards and always receive them eagerly, the grave little faces of the children rippling all over with smiles. I heartily thank all those who have helped me to afford this pleasure to this superstitious people, who know so little of true joy, but often tremble by reason of the terrors of their darkness. We often hear the drums and song of their heathenish dance, and know that the cunning old doctors are initiating the younger ones into their dark rites. At night these witch doctors often play ghost, and terrorize the young folks into believing in heathenism. I have spent part of my time in printing texts on cards kindly sent to me from friends at home, and in printing alphabets. I am sometimes interrupted by women who come to have a dress cut, but oftener, this year, to have a pattern cut out for them, for the women are

rapidly learning to cut and sew for themselves, and even hire their sewing. Men and boys are getting too proud to sew for themselves, and hire their sewing done. I am sometimes asked for medicines, and sometimes dress sores, which abound among these thinly-clad, poorly-nourished people. Sundays, we hill-folks go down in the morning to hear preaching in our pretty little new church at the foot of the hill. Sunday and Wednesday evenings I conduct prayer-meetings. I began a school in June with nineteen pupils, and before it was closed by the French, had over thirty. I do hope we shall have a revival this year. Will you pray for this? "

The Missionaries at Benita mention the death of a very useful Bible-woman. At sixty she was learning to read, and when she was slow, would say to her teachers, "Don't forget that I have passed my day, and am learning out of season." Her knowledge of the Scriptures was "remarkable," and her "telling lessons," original, and she is "sorely missed."

Her successor is thus described: "She also is a woman of marked character, before her conversion acknowledged among her people as a leader in superstition, and a sort of lawyer to settle any difficulties between the women with reference to location of gardens, or other matters; for the land here is not owned by any one, but there is a sort of understanding that certain persons should be left in possession of certain portions of ground, upon which to make their plantations, and encroachments, which easily occur, bring trouble. All this will conduce to her influence, and then she is so well acquainted with all the heathen customs, that she can speak with authority."

SIAM.

[Mrs. A. Willard Cooper, who, with her husband, is one of the newest arrivals in Siam, wrote from Petchaburi:]

"On my way from China I was taken with fever, and on reaching Bangkok was obliged to see the doctor, who at once ordered me to bed. I did not want to go one bit, for that is something I have not been used to doing; but I was compelled, and tried as best I could to do it gracefully. Mr. Cooper was my nurse, and I am sure he was glad when I could sit up, for as a general thing a trained nurse is a hard person to take care of.

"We were delayed in Bangkok four weeks. The day after my arrival here I was taken with fever again, this time worse than the first. Mr. Dunlap and his wife, and Mrs. McLaren went to work, and although I was delirious, (for the first time in my life), yet in the morning the fever had disappeared, and it has not returned. I did not go about much in Bangkok till the last days of my stay. * * * *

"The journey from Bangkok to Petchaburi was rather tedious, but the scenery helped to beguile the time. As we neared the Mission compound the boatmen were obliged to get out and pull the boat along over the sand. The river at this season is not more than a creek, but in the rainy season they say it is a great rushing torrent which overflows its banks. The friends gladly welcomed us and we often forget that we are in a strange land and among a heathen people. We are settled in our own house, and all our boxes arrived in safety, with very little breakage. For this we are very thankful. We have commenced on the language and are digging away, but we have been told some of the laughable mistakes of the others, so that if we make the same we shall not worry. Then, too, the natives do such queer things, that one need not always wear a long face. For instance, one day Mrs. McLaren told her cook to make a suet pudding. Of course the pudding was in a cloth. Mrs. McLaren went out to see how the pudding was doing, and taking a fork she lifted, not the pudding but the cook's jacket, which he had put in to boil. I did not ask whether they or the cook had the pudding. However, we have very good cooks now, who do not do any of these things.

"The Siamese came and offered their help when we were settling our house, and worked very hard, and one of the young men, who is a student for the ministry, offered to come and teach us every morning, so as to save the cost of hiring another. They have all heard about the debt of the Board, and try to help in their small way. Some of the patients in the hospital try to show their gratitude by bringing a few eggs and offering them, as their custom is, on their knees. I have been in the hospital and find that it has been carried on vigorously by Mr. Dunlap and the Siamese assistant. We shall be glad when the new doctor comes. When we have more money from the Siamese Government, we can have more wards and commence to train native nurses. I think the time is coming. Last evening I went with my husband and Mr. Dunlap into the city to see some of the outside patients. One was a poor woman who had been treated by a native doctor. She had pain in the foot, and he told her to put it on a hot brick. The result was the burning of the bottom of the foot from heel to toe. Mr. Dunlap was sent for in the end, and now the foot is almost well. Another was a man whose hand had been nearly cut off. It has nearly healed, but he was so long in coming to the hospital that he will lose the use of one finger. A third was a man with a bad cut in his head which he received in a gambling den. His was a very bad case, but is now doing well. I shall be glad to help the doctor in his work."

LAOS.

[Many inquiries about the Hospital will be answered by the following from Miss WESTERVELT, written in April, from Chieng Mai:]

"The lot given to the Mission by His Royal Highness, is the one for the hospital under Dr. Cheek's supervision. The logs come from places north of here, and last year there really was no rainy season, consequently not enough water to float them down. Dr. Cheek, however, did succeed in buying a few from parties near here, and these are now being sawed. It has been thought best to build the dispensary part first, as the present building is neither large enough nor suitable, many of the drugs being yearly rendered worthless from exposure to heat and dampness. Dr. Cheek hopes to increase our working force by the addition of some experienced native carpenters from Bangkok. The building is now in the hands of Mr. Brown, the carpenter whom Dr. Cheek brought from America, and is progressing as rapidly as possible. Some logs are floated down by elephants, and we hope this coming rainy season will raise the river sufficiently to bring down all that were purchased so long ago.

"For the past few weeks our school lot has been a busy place. Mr. Brown has timber enough to raise the building, not including the joists for the roof, and when he comes to a standstill with the hospital, he will return to the school-building and work until he falls short of material. Adjoining this building is the teachers' dwelling, the brick pillars of which are not quite finished. These people are unaccustomed to hard work, and while many of them, well-trained, make good workmen, still they are very timid in ascending to dizzy heights and awkard in handling heavy beams, which causes much waste of time.

"We watch with eager interest each fresh copy of our Monthly Magazines, in hope of finding the report of a cancelled debt. Could Christian people in America set foot on Pagan soil, and be eyewitnesses to the needs of the work and the number of souls perishing for lack of laborers, velvet purses would soon be unclasped."

CHINA.

[Although MRS. FLORENCE WISHARD FULTON's thrilling letter has appeared in more than one weekly newspaper, we venture to present nearly all of it, believing that otherwise some of our readers will fail to see it, and that all of them will wish the history of that day at Kwai Peng should go upon our records for the year.]

ON THE RIVER FROM KWAI PENG TO CANTON,
Saturday, May 6th, 1886.

Let every breath be one of thanksgiving, that our lives are spared, though we are bereft of every earthly possession. We left Kwai Peng this morning just at day-break, and I want to write all the particulars before I reach Canton, for we shall be very busy there. Where shall I begin? We are so worn out we can scarcely collect our thoughts.

There are at present in Kwai Peng, several thousand Chinese students attending the biennial literary examination. These men, with their servants, are numbered at ten thousand. They are from four districts, and are a mean, proud class of men. They have been here for some weeks and had been friendly and inoffensive till the magistrate closed the gambling shops about a week ago, since which time they have spent their idle hours in coming out to our place to see what the "foreign devils" possessed.

The walls of the pretty new hospital were just up, and the carpenters were working on the beams. We were nicely settled, our furniture having come from Canton, and we were well supplied with fresh flour, sugar, etc., from below.

The trouble came upon us suddenly Thursday morning; in fact, we were still at breakfast. The men seemed so rough that Mr. Fulton left his meal unfinished and went out to the little mud hospital where the medical assistant was trying to hold the fort. The crowd was rough and could not be pacified; said they wanted to come in and see the house and the women. Unfortunately for the whole proceeding the magistrate had gone some distance from the city to meet Andrew Happer and Mr. Hart, who were on their way back to Canton. This fact gave the people more license. They became unmanageable and finally burst open the front gate. At this juncture Mr. Fulton realized they were seeking plunder, and without saying anything to us, left for the magistrate's "*Yamen*," not knowing he was out of the city. It was very wise in him not to tell us, — we should have been so frightened.

At ten o'clock I put Edith to sleep, as usual; then tried to compose myself to think what we should do. Our cook was brave and faithful. We closed and barred the two front windows and doors, placing against them the iron bars brought from Canton for the windows of the new hospital. The mob called us to open the door and let them in. Finding we would not, they tried to burst in the door, but failed. We felt more and more the terrible danger we were in. An angry Chinese mob is a terrible thing to encounter. I had seen one in Canton, you know. Once I thought I would pack a valise with our account books, receipts, leases, putting in crackers, milk and clothes for Edith. This I did, but decided it would be snatched from me, so I pinned the Viceroy's proclamation and our papers above mentioned to my skirts underneath, intending to carry the account-book in my hand. The mob called "kill," "butcher," "choke," and other frightful things. Failing in breaking

down the front door, they began throwing stones upon the tiled roof. Fortunately, the three front rooms had plank ceilings. Had it not been for this, we would have been killed. Every breath was a prayer that we might be spared until Mr. Fulton's return with protection. Imagine our horror when we heard them say: "Let us burn them," and they began to pile hay and bamboo at the front door. Our only escape was through a side door. Mary (Dr. Fulton) was not strong, but said she would carry Edith, so, putting on our hats and taking one last look at our precious things, we started, with Mary's nurse, Agnai, for the side door. The tears would come when I thought of all we must leave to be destroyed, but our lives were more precious. We left the side door. The mob followed close upon us, calling out the same threats, and using terribly vile language. I turned to them and said: "Here we are, now, *see* us, but don't you dare touch us. We came here to heal your sick and do you good, and yet you treat us like this. We have sick soldiers in the hospital, sent there by the military mandarin. He is our friend, and if you in any way injure us, he will give you what you deserve." They understood what I said, and exclaimed: "Why, she speaks our dialect!" but did not cease their threats and would press close upon us. We did not run, but walked slowly to the city. At the mouth of the creek were two boats, one a soldiers' boat, but the mob threatened the boatmen, and neither would give us assistance. They tried to snatch my account-book, but I held it fast. Part of them gave a wild yell, and ran back to the house to plunder. We stood at the creek's mouth, hoping every minute help would come. The opposite bank was lined with soldiers waiting to salute the magistrate when he should return, but none offered us protection. After standing there helpless for a long time — it seemed hours,— two well dressed men pushed their way through to us and said, "Help is coming;" and, looking across the stream I saw a man from the yamen, one who had visited us, coming toward us, followed by some soldiers. I motioned to him and he waved his hand. When he reached us he said: "Have no fear," and told the mob to stop their noise and disperse. Of course they did nothing of the kind. He then conducted us over the stream, and on the road leading to the city we sat down on the grass, completely exhausted. The hot sun beat down upon us, and a soldier gave us an umbrella, and we settled ourselves to wait until Mr. Fulton and more help should arrive. The mob were still around us until we were almost suffocated. After waiting until about one o'clock, two hours from the time we left the house, one of our village boys came to tell us a boat and soldiers were coming for us. Imagine our relief! The boat was a long time in reaching us. During this time the captain had taken us into the midst of his soldiers, where we waited for the boat. They took us down the river until we reached the landing, whence we were conducted to the yamen. It was nearly two o'clock when we reached there, where we found Mr. Fulton pacing the floor in agony. The magistrate being away, his deputy told Mr. Fulton, who had been mobbed and stoned through the streets, that he must not return to us or he would be killed by the mob, and that he, the deputy, would send soldiers immediately to bring us to the yamen. The Chinese are slow, as you know. Had they hurried to us when Mr. Fulton first reached the yamen, we would have been there an hour sooner. His suspense was terrible. All this time we did not know how he was faring. He might have been killed in the streets. Can you imagine our joy at being together again? Our lives were spared; what were our possessions compared to that? Had Mr. Fulton not gone to the yamen when he did, we might all have been killed. We would certainly have had no help from the magistrate. Andrew Happer kindly sent us oatmeal, sugar, milk, sardines and about $18 in silver, so we shall get along until we reach Canton.

Wednesday, May 13th.

We are on our way down the river, going at a good rate. Well, you left us at the yamen.

The magistrate gave us a room, where we spent Thursday night, Friday and Friday night. Our cook, who kept with us, stayed at the house until the mob commenced to loot. By six o'clock the house had been stripped of everything, and our house together with the hospital, our landlord's house and that of his brother, was burned down. We sent Dr. Fulton's assistant to see if any articles could be found, but, not a thing. In the afternoon two of the mob were arrested, and three articles of clothing were found. The magistrate could have saved the house and many of our goods had he sent soldiers immediately to the house upon Mr. Fulton's request. As it is, everything is gone: organ, machine, stove, beds, mattresses, clothing, everything. The magistrate sent us to the boat Saturday morning at daylight, and gave us a boat and soldiers to accompany us to Ng Chow, nearly half way to Canton. We are all worn out and dirty, no clothes but these we have on. Our food, too, is poor, but we hope to be in Canton by Friday morning. We do not know what we shall do, but hope to arrange to board until September. Our home is in Kwai Peng, and as soon as the Government refunds what we have lost and will guarantee us protection, we shall return there,— at least, Mr. Fulton will. Only God saved us from a terrible death. We are grateful to be spared for more service for Him.

Home Department.

THE MONTHLY MEETING—August.

Leading Thought.—THE ONE MEDIATOR.

Scripture Text, I. Timothy, ii. 5.—"There is one God, and one Mediator between God and men the man Christ Jesus."

Scripture Reading, Romans, v. 1-11.

Topic.—PAPAL EUROPE.

The Martyr Churches of Papal Europe: (Their wonderful resuscitation; Their struggles in regaining liberty of worship; Their efforts in propagating the faith).

The three divisions of the Protestant Church in France: (The National or Reformed; the Lutheran; The Free Church;—Their differences and resemblances; The distinctive principle represented by the Free Church).

Read "The Protestants of France," *F. M.*, August, '85.

The Waldensian Church of Italy: (Its wonderful vitality; Its growing influence among the educated classes; A Waldensian pastor knighted by a descendant of the persecuting Dukes of Savoy; Union of the Waldensian and the Free Church of Italy).

The Bohemian and Moravian Churches: (The late celebration of the Centenary of religious toleration; The story of the sword and the cup).

The McAll Mission in France. (The *American McAll Record*, published quarterly at 1622 Locust Street, Philadelphia.)

Reasons for Missionary effort by American Christians, for Papal Europe.—*F. M.*, Nov., 1884.

Agencies through which the Presbyterian Board works in Papal Europe." (Read "Our Fellow-Laborers in Europe."—*F. M.*, Nov., 1884.

Refer to Forty-eighth Annual Report of Board of Foreign Missions; Articles upon Protestantism in France; The McAll Mission; The Emancipation of the Waldenses; The Italian Evangelical Church; The Bohemian Protestant Church, etc., etc., in *Our Mission Field* for Nov., 1884, and that for August, 1885.

In preparing these topics, our principal object is to promote a thorough acquaintance with the missionary work of our own Church; but we would be very glad if we could induce all, the young people especially, to devote as much time as possible each month to the study of these subjects in their historical and literary aspects, always, however, giving the greater prominence to missionary information.

Notice the Special Topics for Praise and Prayer given in *F. M.* for Nov., 1883 and 1884. We trust that the desire to give and receive information will not cause the devotional exercises of the meeting to be curtailed. *R.*

A CHICK IN EVERY EGG.

[A Missionary Fable and Prophecy.]

Once upon a time there was a great nest, containing many eggs, of different colors and sizes. One of them hatched early, and the little chick lost no time in pecking the shell of an egg not very far away, and seemed likely to do the same service for all the rest, and it is a great pity he did not! But he soon grew weary of an active life, and crept back into his shell and pulled the lid on; the edges grew together in a little while, and the shell thickened, so that the Syrian egg became much tougher than it was in the beginning. The other one proved to be a very smart, capable little chicken, an Anglo-Saxon, much more persevering than its elder brother. It began to scratch for a living right away, and it grew remarkably fast. Had not several pieces of its shell adhered tenaciously to its back it would have been a beautiful chicken.

After a little while, indeed, this Anglo-Saxon chick forgot that it had ever been an egg, and about made up its mind that the other eggs were simply empty shells. But by and by it heard a little tapping and soft cheeping in the Sandwich Islands egg; some one was calling, as plainly as any one could under the circumstances, for somebody acquainted with the premises to make a light to show him the way out. There

stood the little Anglo-Saxon, with a part of his shell on his back, and the rest of it scraping his little legs and tripping him up every time he came near the nest, and he soliloquized about the Sandwich Islands egg: "It sounds," said he, "as if there was a chicken in there; probably it is of a different color, and if it is it will never amount to anything if I do help it out. I shall have it to take care of, and I can hardly scratch enough to keep myself alive now."

But there was such a continual pecking and such a beseeching sort of cheeping, that the smart but selfish chicken finally broke down a door and let out the little brother. And what do you think? No sooner had the tiny dark Sandwich Islands chicken stepped out of the shell than, after watching the Anglo-Saxon chicken scratching for a few moments, just to learn the stroke, he shook every bit of shell off his own back and fell to scratching for himself, asking no favors at all.

And when, a little later, a black egg near by gave out the faintest little flutter, our prompt young Sandwich Islander hopped into the nest and tore the shell off a poor little Micronesian chicken; nay, he did more than that, he scratched beside it and raked up a bit for Micronesia every time he took one for himself. So they grew big and strong together, and helped many another little Island chicken out of its shell, and took their shells off clean, too.

A timid little Madagascar chicken got hatched somehow; it had a deal of trouble with a certain other chicken who was not satisfied with his own rich furrows, but must needs try to drive poor Madagascar from her barren little corner. But she behaved so well, and the pickings disagreed so badly with the invader, that she was presently left alone.

Strange to say, after such conclusive evidence that there was a chick in every egg, every time that one came safely out and embarked in business independently, Mr. Anglo-Saxon would remark: "Oh, well, that is the last one that will hatch, and if any more do happen to hatch I shall not expect anything of them. There is no use of my doing anything, they have such solid looking shells that I wouldn't wonder if they were too thick to crack, even with pecking from within and hammering from without. Besides, they are doing well as they are; it would be a pity to burden them with such cares and responsibilities as I have."

So, when the Indian, and Chinese, and Japanese, and African, and South American eggs sounded the reveille on the inside, and he could not help hearing, the Anglo-Saxon bristled his feathers and scratched as if he had found a bonanza, though he plainly heard the little prisoners calling for light and air!

Some Children were looking over the wall, who had watched the nest from the beginning, and they wished, oh, so much, that they could go down into the yard to help them; and they tried to make the Anglo-Saxon chicken understand what it was his duty to do. By and by, when he was in danger of dying from over-eating, he went to work, as much for his own sake as for theirs; and oh, how thin he found the shells to be, and how easily and joyfully the little chicks came out! But you would have laughed if you had heard him exhorting them to step clear out of their shells and to roll in the dust to clean off the very last chip and splinter, apparently so unconscious of the slabs of shell on his own back. And how he did lay down the law and draw the lines as to how and where the Chinese chicken and the African chicken should scratch, *in somebody else's yard, too.*

The Syrian egg did give him some trouble, for the shell was tough and rough, and the poor stunted creature inside insisted that to have hatched once was sufficient, and that it was better off in the shell.

"Look at the seams in my shell," said he. "I was out long before you were; I hatched you, and I will thank you to stop this impertinence and let me be where I am." But the Anglo-Saxon was more determined than ever when he realized his indebtedness

to the Syrian, and patiently labored and waited until at last he persuaded him out of his ugly dark shell into the fresh air and sunshine.

Singularly enough, the Anglo-Saxon chicken was willing to help all the eggs in the nest except the one next to him, a small red egg, for which he cherished a most unreasonable dislike. He declared that it contained a monster which would destroy them all, and that it *should not hatch.* So he rolled it about in the nest, hoping to addle it, and pushed it away to the edge, intending to throw it over and let it smash on the ground. But lo! a strong little bill inside cracked the shell, and out popped a little North American Indian chicken, a good deal worse for the abuse he had had while an egg, but a chicken nevertheless. And the Children who were looking over the wall and had watched matters from the beginning, said that really the North American Indian chicken grew faster and learned the ways of the yard more readily than the Anglo-Saxon chicken did at his age.

After a while the younger chicks helped the Anglo-Saxon to clear the last bits of his shell from his back, and led him all about the places he thought he had scratched clean, and showed him treasures that he had never dreamed of. And then the Children who had looked over the wall and watched matters from the beginning, rejoiced to see them all living together, one happy brood. *Helen R. Edson.*

ANOTHER BOYS' BAND.

Reading "M. S. H's" communication in the March number, made me desire to heartily second her suggestion of a bureau for the interchange of suggestions and experiences from the leaders of bands. As one of the superintendents of a boys' band, I feel that such a bureau would be a great help; and thinking it may, perchance, encourage some fellow-laborer, I give a brief account of our little band of "Earnest Workers," which recently celebrated its first birthday. Aside from the two lady superintendents, the officers consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, all elected from among the boys and by the boys, whose ages vary from seven to fifteen. From time to time a committee of three is nominated to bring to the meetings curiosities from the countries under discussion.

A "Lookout Committee" has recently been appointed to call upon any boys who are absent from a meeting, ascertain the reason why, and report when next the band meets. We always have a map, drawn by one of the boys, with all the mission stations marked upon it, and we have now a collection of maps of which we are very proud.

At our annual meeting, to which we invited our pastor and the friends of the boys, after the opening exercises the election of officers took place and the annual reports were read, showing that we had had at our meetings, which are held monthly, an average attendance of fourteen, that our president had been absent from but one meeting, and that we had ten dollars on hand, the result of dues and honorary memberships. All the business was carried on solely by the boys, their president occupying the chair. After the new officers had been duly elected, a greeting was recited by the vice-president. Next, ten boys, dressed to represent ten heathen nations, stood up side by side, and each in turn advanced and recited a verse, until all had made a "Plea for the Nations." This was the most entertaining feature of the hour. But the greatest interest was aroused when, after the recitation of "Missionary Pennies" by a little seven-year-old, the mite-boxes were opened, and we found to our delight that the eighteen boxes contained a little over twenty-seven dollars. This, with our annual dues, gave us more than enough to warrant us in taking, as the boys were anxious to do, a scholarship in the school

at Lodiana. At the close of the meeting a simple tea was served — this was provided by the boys. The money raised was entirely the free-will offering of the boys, and not the result of any fair or other festival, to which we hope we shall never be obliged to resort (to raise money), as it does not seem the best way. Since our annual meeting, the boys who represented the heathen nations have had their pictures taken, and a very pretty group they make in their quaint costumes. The photographer made an advantageous arrangement with us, whereby we could sell the pictures at a moderate price, and still net for our treasury nearly eight dollars with which to begin the new year. The pictures were highly satisfactory, and so were the proceeds. We did not make a business of selling the pictures, but they were bought by parents and friends of the boys.

The boys have nearly finished several scrap-books, which they have been busily working over this winter, for we believe in giving them something to do with their hands. Some of the books they expect to send with other things in a box to Lodiana, and some to Sao Paulo.

We begin the new year with new courage and hope, and pray our boys may in the future, as in the past, prove themselves deserving of their name, and earnestly work to do all in their power to send the light of the Gospel into the dark corners of the earth where its glorious rays have not yet shone.

E. G. G.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

MISSIONARY LETTERS AGAIN.— Do we realize what our ladies give us in their letters? To some of them it is a cross to find any of their words in print. Many may truthfully say what one said: "I am glad to do a little in this easy-talking way, but to sit down and really write for WOMAN'S WORK, would send my ideas to the winds."

Amid what pressure of cares they write! "I am engaged," says the same lady, "with my children's lessons from 8.30 A. M. till 4 P. M., and cannot write evenings, as I am apt to be troubled with sleeplessness."

Again, what mother but sympathizes with this: "I have greatly enjoyed the privilege of doing the little missionary work I have done in the years gone by, and am happy in the expectation of doing more in the future, but I am perfectly sure that these years, now, are full of duties for my own children. I often think, sorrowfully, that my five little ones will not take all my time many years longer, but while they do need it I mean to try to give it joyfully. Sometimes I have days so full of 'pin-prick' trials, that I need to stop and think of the wondrous blessings of motherhood, lest I suffer them to be so clouded by its cares that I cannot see them at all."

Thanks to these sisters who give us so much.

WE ARE permitted to quote the following from a letter by Mrs. W. E. Schenck. She had spent a day at the San Francisco Home for Chinese women and children, and says:

"It is very difficult work; more so than we, at the East, can comprehend. The children at the Home did finely, and were equal to any mission school exhibit we could see at home. They are very bright in mind, and look sweet and happy.

"Foreign Missions put on vast force, solemnity and responsibility here, where one feels so near to heathen lands, and where going to China, Japan or Siam are spoken of much as we at home speak of going to Europe.

"The Chinese we meet interest me exceedingly, and I find them kind, ready to be taught about God, and tender hearted, also faithful, patient and industrious, beyond any people I ever met. Mission work among them is prospering amid trials and persecutions which reminds one of apostolic times."

LITTLE THINGS.

There is, in the State of Indiana, a ladies' prayer-meeting established over fifty years ago. For many years it was well attended. Sometimes, from the force of circumstances, but two or three would be able to attend. Still, the meetings were regularly held. For some time past, owing to sickness in the families of some of the most steadfast ones, it seemed impossible for the ladies to meet, but every week, at the appointed time, one good woman goes to her own room, and spends an hour alone in devotional exercises. A prayer-meeting of only one! Truly, a little one; but, can we doubt that the Master is there to hear and to bless? Who can measure the riches of the blessings that may be poured out upon His Church in answer to the petitions thus offered? And what pastor's heart would not be cheered by the knowledge of *such* a prayer-meeting in his own church? Your W. M. S. cannot have a smaller meeting, dear sisters. See to it, that they be as faithfully kept up.

About three years ago I was asked to send some money (not quite $5.00) to one of our Woman's Boards. It was a little sum, and might easily have been overlooked by those who glanced over the published receipts of that Board, as it appeared among so many larger sums. But that little gift had a history. It was the dying bequest of a little boy — his own money, earned by him for that very purpose, and in that solemn hour when he knew that he was dying he charged his mother: "Be sure to send my missionary money to Chicago." *Was this a little gift?* As the simple story of that child's legacy was told to the Board, who can tell but that it may have touched the hearts of some who possess wealth, and so brought into the treasury some larger offerings? We know not that it was so, but the Lord often makes use of weak efforts and little things as instruments of great good. That small sum of money, attended with His blessing, may have wrought an untold amount of good in the work of Foreign Missions. Jesus blessed the widow's mite to the encouragement of His people in all time, showing that our offerings of love to Him are not to be estimated in dollars and cents.

Dear sisters, let us give ourselves wholly to Christ, and then we may be sure of acceptance in all our work, whether we be little or great, poor or rich, talented or not. If we give Him *all* we need never be discouraged by a sense of our littleness or weakness. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised hath God chosen; yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; *That no flesh should glory in His presence.*"

St. Louis. *C. A. K.*

One of our St. Louis ladies contributes the following note:

A friend in Syria tells us that one of her deepest trials is the necessary receiving visits. When paying them she can, in a measure, control their length, and at least to a moderate degree abbreviate them. But when at home, the more the visitors enjoy themselves, the longer they stay, and, perhaps, leaving after two hours' stay in the morning, get others to return with them and make the two hours four, in the afternoon! Then, they are perfect children. They respect — indeed, are conscious of, no Western ideas of personal reserve or privacy. They run and open your bureau drawers, and, if they chance to find anything captivating, call all the rest to see. They examine your clothing, it being absolutely no barrier to them that you have it on. The stripes in your stockings and the embroidery on your petticoat, (or the absence of it,) come in as freely for scrutiny and discussion as if it were impersonally lying in the drawer. Yet, you have no redress. You cannot "freeze" them with your scorn,

nor "scorch" them with your sarcasm, for your heart's desire is to get hold of these giddy little warm-hearted creatures in some way. You pray for an opportunity of contact where you may reach them, and you get it in this form, which offends your own taste, flies in the face of the proprieties as you have always learned them, and consumes precious time by the wholesale. This is one of the skin-deep trials of being a missionary under such social customs, and it smarts sometimes even on a thoroughly consecrated soul. God has not *promised* to make all things easy. He gives strength for bearing what is difficult!

EVERY STEP which Carey took in Bengal was a new incentive to the awakening churches at home. Foreign Missions brought Home Missions to the birth, and both have since wrought together as the poles of electricity.—*George Smith, D. D., British Quarterly Review.*

A PIOUS German minister said, what had ruined Germany was her cleverness. Germany had the Bible and clever clergymen who could preach exquisite sermons and write clever books, but, everywhere, the churches were empty; you hardly saw a man in them, and no great loss, considering what sort of doctrine was preached.

Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church,

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CORRESPONDENCE with missionaries, Mrs. S. C. PERKINS, Mrs. S. KNEASS, Mrs. C. E. MORRIS, and Mrs. C. N. THORPE.

Candidates will address Mrs. C. E. MORRIS.

Correspondence concerning special objects, Mrs. J. DE F. JUNKIN, and Miss M. D. PURVES.

Correspondence with Presbyterial Societies, Mrs. D. R. POSEY; with Auxiliary Societies, Miss S. W. DU BOIS; with Young People's and Children's Bands, Mrs. B. N. LEHMAN.

Treasurer, Mrs. JULIA M. FISHBURN.

All letters to be sent to 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

Monthly meeting first Tuesday of the month, and prayer-meeting third Tuesday, at 12 M., in the Assembly Room.

WE are glad to learn that several of our Presbyterial officers have begun their visitations to the churches for the current year.

Experience has shown that this is the most effectual method of arousing and sustaining interest. Let the good work go on!

WE request that all persons sending money to the Treasurer will specify *each time* the object to which it is to be appropriated; otherwise the inference must be that the money is intended for the General Fund.

THE following Auxiliaries and Bands have contributed toward Christmas Boxes for Japan, India, Persia, and North American Indians:

N. J., Greenwich, Willing Workers.
" 1st Ch., Belvidere, Willing Workers.
" South Orange, Y. L. Bd.
N. J., Trenton, Emily Bd.
" Bridgeton, Band.
Penna., Harrisburg, Pine St. Aux.
" " Market Square Aux.
" " Paxton Cheerful Givers.
" Lincoln, Willing Helpers.
" Norristown, Willing Workers.
" Phila., Bethesda Ch., Anna M. Eva Bd.
" " Mantua Ch., Berian Bd.
" " Woodland Church, Lend-a-Hand Bd.
" " Tabor Ch., Gleaners for the King.
" " Cohocksink Church, Mission Workers.
" " West Arch St. Ch., Soldiers of the King.
Ind., Taneytown, Children's Bd.
Ohio, Marietta.

NEW AUXILIARIES.

Mahoning Presbytery.—Coitsville, Hubbard, Canton.
Morris and Orange Presbytery.—Whippany.
Redstone Presbytery.—Fayette City, Pa.

NEW BANDS.

Ohio, Newark, 1st Ch., Y. L. Bd.
" Zanesville, 2d Ch., Golden Rule Bd.
" " Putnam Ch., Y. L. Bd., reorganized.
" " " " Children's Bd.
" Bellaire, 2d Ch., Robt. M. Brown Bd.
Penna., Glenfield, Cheerful Workers.
" Philipsburg, Willing Workers.
" Delaware Water Gap, Willing Workers.
" Parnassus, Y. L. Bd.
" Phila., Oxford Ch., Colfelt Bd.

Room 48, McCormick Block, S. E. Cor. Randolph and Dearborn Sts., Chicago, Ill.

Correspondence with missionaries in Africa, Mrs. S. H. Perry.

Correspondence with missionaries in China and Japan, Mrs. H. F. Waite.

Correspondence with missionaries in Persia, Mrs. N. B. Judd.

Correspondence with missionaries in Mexico, South America, Syria and Siam, Miss Anna Holt.

Correspondence with missionaries in India and among the North American Indians, Miss Halsey.

Correspondence concerning Special Objects, Mrs. N. W. Campbell.

Correspondence with Auxiliaries and concerning Organization, Mrs. Geo. H. Laflin and Mrs. N. B. Pratt.

Remittances of money to Mrs. C. B. Farwell, Treasurer.

Subscriptions for Woman's Work for Woman and Our Mission Field should be sent direct to 23 Centre Street, New York.

Subscriptions for *Children's Work for Children* should be sent direct to 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

All letters to be addressed to the Room. Meetings every Friday at 10 a. m. All persons interested in mission work are cordially invited.

In Memoriam.

Mrs. Sarah Archibald Mateer was born near Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her pious parents trained her up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She early gave her heart to Jesus, and, when about fifteen years old, made a public profession of her faith in Him. "Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification;" "Let no man seek his own, but every man another's." These precepts she made the rule of her life. Anxiety for the salvation of a brother who had been in part turned away from the faith of his fathers, led her to leave friends and native land, and make her home with him in Minnesota In 1881 she offered herself to the Woman's Board of the Northwest as a foreign missionary, and was sent out in October. In the following March she became the wife of Rev. R. M. Mateer. They spent a year in Tungchow, studying the language. Early the next spring they moved to Wei-Hien, one hundred and sixty miles further in the interior, to establish a new station. They rented rooms in a Chinese house to live in while building a house for their permanent residence. Presently, smallpox broke out, and Mrs. Mateer was sent away to their nearest white neighbors at Ching-chow-foo, forty miles distant. As soon as the new house was under roof she returned. A floor was laid in one room up-stairs, and there she lived all summer without ceiling or plaster, amid all the noise and confusion of masons, carpenters and plasterers and countless curious sight-seers. She was ready to endure any amount of inconvenience and discomfort in order to share and lighten her husband's cares and loneliness. They were alone most of the summer. In September Mr. Laughlin moved his family to Wei-Hien. The companionship of a lady-friend to share her work among the women, the birth of a little daughter in November, and the hopeful prospects of their work filled full her cup of joy. In less than one short year Mrs. Laughlin was taken to her home above, and Mr. Laughlin removed temporarily to Chefoo. But her courage never faltered. Nothing could cloud her cheerful spirit, because her cheerfulness was grounded in an unwavering faith in God's promise, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." Whatever He ordered was "all right." After being more than a year alone, she was joined last September by Miss Anderson, a sister of kindred missionary spirit. The prospect of the mission was now cheering. The chief hardships of opening a new station were over. The people were no longer so hostile; indeed, they were in the main friendly. Mr. Laughlin was about to return, and Mrs. Mateer seemed in excellent health. Her heart and hands were full of work among the women and in the boys' school, and her busy brain was full of plans for the future, when suddenly the unexpected summons came calling her to go up higher. A violent headache, followed in a few hours by convulsions, then unconsciousness, and when she awoke she was with her Saviour. She was spared the pain of the partings here, and she was unconscious of the agony of those days and nights when her life hung in the balance, or ebbed slowly away. With her it is well, and of her it may truly be said: "She hath done what she could." She was a rare example of self-forgetful, untiring devotion. Nothing but faith like hers can comfort those who mourn her loss, or throw light on the mysterious Providence which has desolated one of the brightest of homes and almost broken up a weak, but most hopeful new mission.

Mrs. Annie Laughlin and Mrs. Sadie Mateer sleep sweetly side by side on the plains of Wei-Hien. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. May God make these graves the mightily effective, though silent, witnesses unto the people of Wei-Hien of the truth and power of the religion so worthily represented by these two women.

Meetings of the Board are held at the rooms, No. 20 North Washington Square, New York City, the third Monday of each month, at 2.30 P. M.

A prayer-meeting is held at the same place the first Wednesday of every month, commencing at 12 M. An attendance of all women interested in the cause of Foreign Missions is earnestly requested.

Meetings of the Executive Committee are held at the same place every Wednesday at 10.30 A. M.

THE Foreign Board looks to the Women's Societies for $250,000 this year.

THE following extract from a letter of Miss C. O. Van Duzee's, was sent from an officer of one of our auxiliary societies with the following comment: "Oh, the burning shame it is to us American Christians that such things should be! I cannot help applying the Saviour's words: 'Them that were entering in ye hindered.'"

We were cut down. The work was new, and we had only three helpers and a teacher for the girls' school to a population of 40,000 or 50,000. How could we spare these? But what could be done? The order was imperative. Some must be deprived of the little Gospel light they had. In two villages there had been temporary teachers the winter before. These must now be recalled, although one school had numbered nearly thirty, and to the other school, for a wonder, eighteen Mussulman boys had come. Both teachers also had preached on the Sabbath. As the boarding-school for Armenian girls was newly begun, it might be closed without such disastrous results as to cut somewhere else, so it was changed into a day-school, and the teacher paid from private contributions; and the American lady saw one branch of her work completely wiped out for the year, but consented, because she knew that was the best that could be done. In one village a preacher had partly arranged to come from another station, his salary being nearly provided for, but the little that was left could not be met. He could not come, and the waiting people were sadly disappointed. Still another village had been begging for a teacher, offering to provide a room and fuel, and we had hoped that this year their request might be granted; but no! it could not be. The souls that might have been saved this year might be beyond reach next. The American teacher was to move the coming fall to a near Armenian village, where she could do much more effective work among the women, and begin the boarding-school for girls. Whatever place is secured, much building must be done, and must be commenced in the spring so as to be dry for fall use. She sees offered places refused because the money allowed is too little. America is a long way off. There seems little hope that anything asked, if granted, would come in season, and her heart sinks within her as she thinks of the work postponed, and the associate who has been asked for obliged to go to some other station for the winter, because her present quarters are too small for two.

Meantime, she has read of parties in Washington, where one toilet described would have purchased the ground and put up the residence and school-building so much needed. The money expended on the St. Paul ice palace and carnival would several times over have covered all that had to be cut down in that station. A thirty thousand dollar china vase! Oh, if we could only have had *half* that money! Then, there are the expensive weddings and funerals, and the costly monuments to the dead, who now see things in their true light. If they could speak, would they not much rather such money should be spent that souls might be saved?

To us, who see things from a different standpoint, how useless seems so much time and money spent on decorative art and similar pursuits, and how we long for that time and money that more souls may hear the "glad tidings." Can we believe that our standpoint is wrong when Christ left heaven that He might save poor sinners from hell, and when He tells us to lay up our "treasure in heaven," to "give freely" as we have "freely received," to be "rich toward God?" "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

THE departure of Miss Charlotte Montgomery is delayed till the middle of September.

LETTERS have been received recently from Miss Annie Montgomery, Hamadan; Miss Hammond, Guatemala, May 29th; Miss Rose, Tokio, June 1st; Miss Youngman, Tokio, June 11th.

NEW BANDS.

Young Ladies' Mission Band, of Rev. C. S. Robinson's (Memorial) Church.
Do-All-We-Can Miss. Bd., of Mexico, Oswego Co., N.Y.
The Cheerful Givers, of Jamaica, Queens Co., L. I.
Pearl Gatherers, of Brasher Falls, St. Lawrence Co., N.Y.
Young Ladies' Mission Circle, of Calvary Church, Lockport, N. Y.

NEW LIFE MEMBER.

Mrs. Wm. Little, by Aux. Soc. of Third Ch., Rochester, N.Y.

10 WASHINGTON PLACE, TROY, N. Y.

Correspondence with missionaries in Persia, Syria, India, Japan and Africa, Mrs. F. C. CURTIS, 136 Hudson Avenue, Albany.

Correspondence with missionaries in China, Guatemala, Siam and Indian Territory, Miss M. C. EDDY, Glenwood, Troy.

Correspondence with Societies and Bands in Albany and Columbia Presbyteries, Mrs. A. McCLURE, 232 State Street, Albany.

Correspondence with Societies and Bands in Troy and Champlain Presbyteries, Mrs. G. H. PAGE, P. O. Drawer 1657, Cohoes.

IN sending out the appeal for the special work of the year, Hainan, there was no day designated on which the Sabbath-schools should make their donation, because it was believed the officers of each Society and Sabbath-school would know best when to present the appeal in their own school.

They were sent to every Sabbath-school in the four Presbyteries, whether there was any auxiliary society in the church or not, and remittances sent from schools where there is no society will be especially welcome.

The certificates of stock are ready, in the hands of the Treasurers, Mrs. Arnold and Miss Vanschoonhoven. They are very pretty as well as quite unique, and will make interesting mementoes of this year's work.

In remitting money for this object to the Treasurers, please state how many certificates are wanted, and they will be returned with the acknowledgment of the money.

It is but just to mention that the entire cost of printing these leaflets and certificates, and the expense of sending them by mail or express to every church within our bounds, has been met by one of our members as her contribution to the object. Every penny coming to us through their agency will go directly to the Board. They have literally been sown broadcast with faith and prayer. The Lord of the Harvest will not let the fruit be wanting when the time for ingathering comes.

THIS number of our magazine will find many of our busy workers scattered; some in quiet, out-of-the-way places, some in more frequented resorts, and some have crossed the Atlantic, and are seeking health and pleasure among new scenes.

But while we find needed relaxation and rest, the over-worked missionaries are at their posts in the heat of tropical climates, contending with difficulties and discouragements on the old ground, and looking for a vacation only at the end of ten years, unless broken health compels a cessation of labor sooner.

A private letter written by Mrs. Noyes tells of the safe arrival of the Fulton family in Canton, where they found much needed rest and food, and change of clothing.

The cause of the trouble at Kwai Peng, as understood at the time of writing, was this: "The gentry circulated the story that in digging for the foundations of the hospital they had dug up a skull, and, therefore, they said they were digging up the graves of the ancestors." [See LETTERS FROM THE FRONT, page 184.]—ED.

THE Semi-annual Report of the Girls' Boarding School, Teheran, Persia, for April, 1886, a most interesting and encouraging letter is received, and can be had by our auxiliaries on application to Mrs. Curtis.

A LEAFLET WANTED.—"After my return from our missionary meeting, sad thoughts came to my mind on account of the absence of some of the members, giving such excuses as these: one had gone riding; two others had invited company to tea. Why do not the ladies plan their home life so that nothing which they can control will prevent their attending the missionary meeting once a month? What a difference it would make in each society! Perhaps a leaflet is needed and would do as much good as 'Our Hour of Prayer.'"

A USEFUL HINT is conveyed in this note from a private letter, written by a new recruit in India, of another Board than ours: "I see what Mrs. ——— meant when she advised me to bring pictures and books, because 'home must be made attractive.' We have no retreat outside the missionaries' homes. These native houses are so barren, dirty and desolate, that a missonary's *must* be pleasant. I am glad I brought pretty things with me, not so much for my own sake, as for the old missionaries'. My things are familiar to me, but it rests them to see what has come in fashion since they left home."

No. 1107 Olive Street, St. Louis, Missouri.

Meetings are held at the Presbyterian Rooms, 1107 Olive Street, second floor, on the first and third Tuesdays of each month, at two P. M. All interested in Missions are invited to be present.

Home Corresponding Secretaries: Mrs. S. W. Barber, 3033 Olive St.; Miss Agnes H. Fenby, 3116 Lucas Ave.

Foreign Corresponding Secretary: Miss S. E. Marks, 1107 Olive St.

Treasurer: Mrs. Edmund T. Allen, 2805 Russel Ave.

Mid-summer is here, and many of our officers and members have left the stifling atmosphere of the city for cooler climes, and others are going. Only a small corps of workers is left to transact the business of the Board; but these faithful ones are performing the duties well, and everything moves along smoothly. Many of our number have sadly needed the comparative rest they are now enjoying, and, without it, would doubtless sink under the burdens they have carried.

It might be well to sound a note of warning to those who can, for a time, relax all physical effort and enjoy the long-needed rest. Do not let the spiritual nature be lulled to sleep. Do not relax your efforts in the Lord's service. Spend your leisure in saying, doing and reading something that will be profitable to yourself and others. Let your prayers and zeal be as fervent and earnest as at home. Spiritual life and energy never tire one, they rest both body and soul. Keep the fire on the altar burning, no matter if you are in the coolest and shadiest retreat. You will need it to sweeten and purify every hour. Pray for the mission-work. Talk of the work. Interest others in the work. You can, in a gentle, unobtrusive way, talk to the women you meet of this subject so near your heart. Let them feel through your earnestness that life is true and noble and blessed only as selfish purposes and ambitions are laid aside, and love for God and suffering humanity fills the heart. Speak of the millions who are perishing for lack of the bread of life, and then of the value of one soul saved. All the diamonds that blaze and flash at our watering places that woman's beauty may be heightened and woman's pride gratified, are as nothing compared with a human soul. If Christian women of our own land would give even a tenth of their jewels, the treasuries of our Boards would be full, and thousands would hear the word who will never hear it. We do ask the women of our Southwest who spend their summers from home to make special effort to interest and influence all they may meet. Work and give in the mission cause. Both the Home and Foreign Boards have asked us to increase our contributions at least twenty per cent. this year. Our increase last year was a little over twenty per cent. Can we not do still better this year? Let us consecrate our vacations, our time, our talents, our *all* to *Christ*, and the result will be "A glorious harvest home."

Our Missionaries.

Encouraging letters have been received from a number of our missionaries.

Miss Henderson writes from Canton, China, where she had been spending a pleasant week with missionaries. She expected to resume her journey soon.

Miss Annie Ellers reached San Francisco at the time appointed, and sailed for Korea on the same day with a pleasant company.

Mrs. Wade, of the Omaha mission, writes pleasantly of her work, and speaks of a number of her scholars who have given their hearts to the Saviour.

Miss Davis, of Wewoka, Indian Territory, asks for our societies to send articles of clothing to two Indian girls, sisters, who are anxious to enter Park College, but have not the necessary clothing.

Miss Minnie Whitaker, of the Talequah Indian Mission, has been visiting in St. Louis, and has addressed a number of our Young Ladies' Societies, giving an account of her work in a most interesting and charming manner.

New Societies Received.

Belleville, Kansas, Helping Hands.

President, Miss Nettie Steed.
Secretary, Miss Emma Adams.
Treasurer, Miss Mary Bell.

Woman's Missionary Society of the Kossuth Ave. Church, St. Louis, Mo.

President, Mrs. M. S. Galt.
Vice-President, Mrs. H. G. Foskett.
Sec'y & Treas., Mrs. H. S. Smith.

CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS. Rev. George Smith, D. D. *British Quarterly*, April, 1886.

THE CONVERTED AFGHAN BRIGAND. Rev. Thos. Patrick Hughes. *The Independent*, June 17, 1886.

A TRAVELER'S IMPRESSIONS OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS. C. F. Gordon Cumming. *Good Words*, May, 1886.

ECONOMIC STUDY OF MEXICO. Hon. David A. Wells. *Popular Science Monthly*, April–July, 1886.

GOOD FRIDAY AMONG THE MEXICAN PENITENTÈS. *Littell's Living Age*, July 10, 1886.

THE PARSEES. Rev. Murray Mitchell. *Sunday At Home*, July, 1886.

MOHAMMEDAN MARRIAGES. Minister S. S. Cox. *North American Review*, July, 1886.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION. Prof. E. W. Gilliam. *North American Review*, July, 1886.

INDIA REVISITED. Samuel Smith, M. P. *Contemporary Review*, June, 1886.

IS JAPAN ALMOST EVANGELIZED? *Foreign Missionary*, July, 1886.

ROMANISM IN CANADA. Rev. Principal D. H. MacVicar, D.D., L.L.D. *Presbyterian Review*, July, 1886.

THE LANGUAGES OF ASIA MINOR AND THEIR STUDY AS RELATED TO MISSIONARY WORK. Rev. Edward Riggs, D.D. *Presbyterian Review*, July, 1886.

Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from June 1, 1886.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BALTIMORE.— Ellicott City, Rose of Sharon Bd., 47; Emmittsburg, 38.25, Children's Bd., 7; Hagerstown, 15, 107.25

BLAIRSVILLE.—Beulah, 28; Blairsville, 11.50, Seminary Bd., 3.42; Derry, 24.03; Ebensburg, 12.50; Greensburg, Sunbeam Bd., 25; Irwin, 27.70; New Alexandria, 15; Parnassus, Y. L. Soc., 25; Pine Run, 13.65; Plum Creek, 20, Y. L. Bd., 10; Poke Run, 9.50, 225.30

CHESTER.—Avondale, 76.85; Downingtown, S. S., 35; Anonymous, 1, 112.85

CHILLICOTHE.—Concord, 7; Chillicothe, 1st, 25; Chillicothe, 3d, 6.90; Hillsboro, 18.50; Marshall, 1.73; North Fork, 9.15; Pisgah, 5.57; Washington C. H., 8.70, Y. L. Bd., 2.05; Wilkesville, 5; Wilmington, 3.20, 92.80

CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, 1st, a lady, 200, Girls' F. M. Soc., 50; Wilson Ave., 10; Collamer Bd., 10; Painesville, L. E. Sem., 15, 285.00

ELIZABETH.— Elizabeth, F. M. Asso., 100; 1st Ch., M. Morrison Bd., 40; 3d, Willing Workers, 65; Elizabethport, Bd., 120; Plainfield, 99.06, a lady, 5; Roselle, S. S., 30; Westfield, 10; Pres. Soc., 8, 477.06

HUNTINGDON.—Phillipsburg, Willing Workers, 7.75

LEHIGH.—Allentown, 8; Bethlehem, Musgrave Bd., 10; Catasauqua, 1st, 17.60; Easton, 1st, 35; Easton, Brainerd, 31.80; E. Stroudsburg, 5; Hazleton, 23.85; Mauch Chunk, 53.85, Little Workers, 33; Mahanoy City, 11.35; Port Carbon, 7; Pottsville, 2d, 11.50; Reading, 1st. 26; Reading, Washington St., 10; South Easton, 5; Summit Hill, Patterson Aux., 15, 303.95

MORRIS AND ORANGE.—East Orange, 1st, Willing Workers, 80, S. S., 25; Orange, 2d, S. S., 40, 145.00

NEW CASTLE.—Dover, Cheerful Workers, 37.00

PHILADELPHIA.—Calvary Ch., Pence and Prayer Bd., 8; 2d Ch., S. S., 50; South Ch., Cheerful Givers, 30; 10th Ch., Y. L. B., 7, 95.00

PHILADELPHIA CENTRAL.—Princeton Ch., a member, 1.00

PHILADELPHIA NORTH.—Germantown, 2d, S. S., 60.00

WASHINGTON CITY.—Washington, 4th, 9; Metropolitan, 15, mite boxes, 55.74, Mateer Bd., 10; North Ch., 7.50; Western Ch., 25, Earnest Workers, 32; Westminster, 12; West St., 15, S. S., 50, 231.24

MISCELLANEOUS.—Bridesburg, Pa., Mrs. E. Worthington, 5; Bristol, Tenn., Gleaners, 5; Conshohocken, Pa., Mrs. J. G. Symmes, 1; Great Bend, Pa., Mrs. M. R. Baldwin, 5; Philadelphia, E. M. S., 2, Mrs. Jane Page, 10, 28.00

Total for June, 1886, $2,209.20

MRS. JULIA M. FISHBURN, *Treas.*,
1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

JULY 1, 1886.

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Northwest, to June 20th, 1886.

BELLEFONTAINE.—Bellefontaine, 15; Galion, 4.50; Kenton, 10, 29.50

CEDAR RAPIDS.—Blairstown, 4.15; Cedar Rapids, 1st, 25; 2d, S. S., 50; Coe College, Y. L. S., 5.65; Clinton, 37; Vinton, S. S., 9.79, 131.59

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, 34, Mrs. D. K. Pearsons, 500 2d, 5, Ladies' Bible Class, 12.19, Burr Mission, 10; 3d, 100; th, 81, Y. L. S., 2.50, Mothers' Mite Soc., 2.01, S. S., 128.69; 5th, 5; Chinese scholar, 2; Miscellaneous, 23; Lake Forest, 21, Y. P. S., 16.10, 942.40

COUNCIL BLUFFS.—Avoca, "In the name of Eddie Chambers," 3.00

CRAWFORDSVILLE.—Bethany, 20; Beulah, 12.25; Delphi, 28.75; Lafayette, 1st, 18; Lexington, 1.60, 80.60

DAYTON.—Oxford, Western F. Sem., U. M. S., 58.96

FARGO.—Tower City, 11.00

FORT DODGE.—Cherokee, Mrs. J. MacAllister, 7.00

FORT WAYNE.—Elkhart, 16; Fort Wayne, 1st, 29.30, Mrs. D. B. Wells' class, 1.50; LaGrange, 8.50, 55.30

FREEPORT.—Belvidere, Snow Flake Bd., 45; Freeport, 1st, 25, 70.00

GRAND RAPIDS.—Montague, 10.12

INDIANAPOLIS.—Danville, 20; Indianapolis, sale of Christmas offering, 131.50, 151.50

KALAMAZOO.—Kalamazoo, 1st, S. S., 110.00

LACROSSE.—Galesville, L. T. Johnston, th. offering, 5.00

LOGANSPORT.—Offering at Presb. meeting, 3.12; Bethlehem, 3.35; Lake Prairie, 4.70; Michigan City, S. S. B., 25; Logansport, Broadway Ch., 8.86; South Bend, 9.20, Y. P. M. S., 19.36; Valparaiso, 31, 104.59

MADISON.—Prairie du Sac, Cheerful Workers, 25.00

MUNCIE.—Marion, 5; Muncie, 10; Peru, 6.47; Wabash, 26.62, 48.09

NIOBRARA.—Wayne, 5.57

OTTAWA.—Aurora, S. S., 6.25

ROCK RIVER.—Garden Plains, 7.22; Geneseo, 8; Rock Island, Broadway Ch., S. S., 24.03, 39.25

ST. PAUL.—St. Paul, Central Ch., Y. L. S., 25.00

WATERLOO.—Nevada, Happy Thought Band, 5.00

WHITEWATER.—College Corner, 4.75; Connersville, 8.30; Greensburg, 75.15; Harmony Ch., 2.50; Kingston, 23.40; Knightstown, 5; Liberty, 1.50; Richmond, 20; Rushville, 17.17, S. S. B., 3.07; Shelbyville, 13.70, S. S., 7.43, 181.97

MISCELLANEOUS.—Societies, for publication of Report and Letter—Chicago, 2d, 2.50; Delavan, Ill., 50c.; Freeport, Ill., 1st, 1; Onarga, Ill., 1; Goshen, Ind., 1.10; LaGrange. Ind., 10c.; Lake Prairie, Ind., 2.20; Libertyville, Iowa, 1; Bay City, Mich., 1; Milwaukee, Wis., Immanuel Ch., 2; Miscellaneous, 6.95 (19.35); by sale of leaflets, 21.15, 40.50

Total for month, $2,147.28
Previously acknowledged, 1,644.16

Total from April 20, 1886, $3,791.44

Mrs. C. B. FARWELL, *Treas.*

CHICAGO, June 20, 1886.

Receipts of the Women's Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, from June 1st to July 1st, 1886.

BINGHAMTON.—Bainbridge, Willing Workers Band, 10; Cortland, 18, 28.00

BROOKLYN.—Brooklyn Pres. Soc., 92.59; Classon Ave. Ch., 80.75; 1st Ch., 61; 1st Ch., Henry St., 24.73, Y. L. Bd., 60; Franklin Ave. Ch., 9.60; Greene Ave. Ch., 24.51; Greenpoint Ch., 16; Memorial Ch., 52.87, a widow's mite, 1; 2d Ch., Mrs. I. N. Judson, th. off., 25, Y. L. Bd., 20.83; South 3d St. Ch., 89.71; Stapleton, S. I., 1st Ch., 25, S. S., 5.84; Brooklyn, Throop Ave. Ch., 33.20; Westminster Ch., 40.32; West New Brighton, S. I., Calvary Ch., Y. L. Band, 15, 677.95

BUFFALO.—Buffalo, Central Ch., 50; North Ch., 31.65, 81.65

CAYUGA.—Auburn, 2d Ch., 100.80

CHEMUNG.—Elmira, 1st Ch., S. S., Beginners' Band, 3.23, Y. P. Soc., 38.77, 42.00

EBENEZER, KY.—Lexington, 2d Ch., Mission and Social Circle, 25.00

GENESEE VALLEY.—Almond, 26.75

LYONS.—Sodus, 12.00

MORRIS AND ORANGE, N. J.—Morristown, South St. Ch., 150.00

NASSAU.—Collections by Mrs. Bainbridge, 53.66

NEW YORK.—Coll. by Mrs. Bainbridge, 32.99; Fifth Ave. Ch., Y. L. Soc., 50; Fourth Ave Ch., 28.49; Fourth Church, Pansy Soc., 25; Harlem Pres. Ch., 60; Inwood-on-Hudson, 50; Memorial Ch., 8; Phillips Memorial Ch., 31.71; 23d St. Ch., S. S., 50; University Place Ch., Light Bearers' Band, 24.52; 86th St. Ch., Seekers of Pearls, 12; Washington Heights Ch., 41, Mrs. M. A. Dorman, 50, 463.71

NORTH RIVER.—Coll. by Mrs. Bainbridge, 11.50; Poughkeepsie, 18.67; Rondout, 14.40, Hearts and Hands for Jesus, 15, 59.57

ROCHESTER.—Dansville, 50, Humming Bird Band, 14.74; Geneseo, 50; Rochester, 3d Ch., 50, Steady Streams Band, 25, 189.74

SYRACUSE.—Coll. by Mrs. Bainbridge, 92.17; Elbridge, 5; Onondaga Valley, 10, Mission Band, 25, 132.17

UTICA.—Holland Patent, 10; Utica, Bethany Ch., Miss Gilbert, 25; Westminster Ch., Ready Helpers, Boys' Bd., 5; Waterville, 75, 115.00

WESTCHESTER.—Rye, Miss E. S. Baird's S. S. class, 1; South Salem, 72.63; Yonkers, Westminster Ch., 25, 98.63

MISCELLANEOUS.—Cannonsville, N. Y., Ladies' Missionary Soc., 4.99; leaflets, 18.06; envelopes, 3.05; mite boxes, 1.90, 28.00

Total, $2,284.63
Total receipts from April 1, 1886, 5,095.50

Mrs. C. P. HARTT, *Treas.*,
20 North Washington Sq., New York City.

Mrs. J. A. WELCH, *Ass't Treas.*,
34 West 17th Street, New York City.

Summary of Treasurer's Report of Woman's Presb. For. Miss. Soc. of Northern New York, for year ending April 21, 1886.

From Albany Presbytery	$4,874.55
From Champlain Presbytery	592.76
From Columbia Presbytery	795.82
From Troy Presbytery	2,983.27
Total from Presbyteries	$9,246.40
Miscellaneous Collections	78.92
Sale of Mite Boxes	2.50
Total Receipts	$9,327.82

APPROPRIATIONS.

Persia, 1,740; Syria, 1,846.79; China, 829.44; Siam and Laos, 1,200; Korea, 513.31; Japan, 91.37; India, 450; Africa, 307.61; Guatemala, 750; Mexico, 86.94; Indian Territory, 350; Dakota, 50; Debt of For. Miss. Board, 123; Christmas offering, 8.56; Unappropriated, 314.20; Contingent, 666.60. Total, $9,327.82.

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 22, 1886.

April 22, from Mrs. Arnold, 27.88; April 24, from collection taken in Plattsburgh, 112.65; June 2, from Mrs. Arnold, 83.60; June 5, from Miss Van Schoonhoven, 20; June 14, from Miss Van Schoonhoven, 182.92. M. E. CHURCH, *Treas.*

Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the Southwest, from April 28th to June 25th, 1886.

OSAGE.—Butler, 26.75; Holden, 2.80; Kansas City, 2d Ch., 73.30, Y. L. S., 51.70, Primary Class, 37; Wadesburg, Olive Branch, 2, 193.55

OZARK.—Springfield, Calvary Ch., 75.00

PLATTE.—Parkville, donation from friends, 2; St. Joseph, Westminster Ch., 9, 11.00

ST. LOUIS.—Bay, 8; Kirkwood, 1.50; St. Louis, 2d Ch., Wall Builders, 50; Wash. and Compt. Ave. Ch., Ladies' Aid Society, 125; Lafayette Park Ch., 18.95, 203.45

EMPORIA.—Akron, 2.50; Arkansas City, 9.20; Waverly, 14.75; Winfield, 7.42, 33.87

LARNED.—Hutchinson, 10.00

NEOSHO.—Iola, 15; Louisburg, 11.75, 26.75

UNKNOWN.—Mortonville, 5.00

TOPEKA.—Clinton. 5.00

Total from April 28th, $563.62
Previously acknowledged, 1,595.49

Total, $2,159.11

Mrs. E. T. ALLEN, *Treas.*,
2805 Russell Avenue.

ST. LOUIS, June 28, 1886.

DATE DUE

JUN 15 1986

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